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THE CENTRE OF VISION



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
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“Brethren, it is this way: The Lord He is always voting for a man; and the devil, he is always voting against him. Then the man himself votes, and that breaks the tie.”

Twenty Years After

Whistler said that there had never been an artistic people; I might say that there had never been an artistic atmosphere, but I should like to explain in a few words what I mean. Of what does an artistic atmosphere consist? I think I can give you an impression now of a time that is so far back and of which the edges are so dim that the large, salient characteristics only loom up and show those things that are really important and worth while.

We were really very serious in those days. That might strike one who had seen us as rather droll, but we were. The work we had undertaken was a very serious study, and although our outward air might have seemed frivolous, there was to us only one thing, and that was our chosen work. When we got to that then we knew that all that was of any good in us had to be used, and only with the best application and diligent study could we accomplish anything. Also, what we were trying to accomplish was an art, and as the arts were raised so far above the other pursuits of life, we knew that, in order to achieve anything, the best, and only the best, would do. In order to reach this goal, a good technical education was the only firm foundation. Here, I think, is the rule. In youth one can only acquire the technique of any art—and then only. This condition is one to be encouraged. During youth the student attitude, without any disturbing side issues, cannot be insisted upon too much. Art for Art's sake only,—and by that I mean all the arts as each one helps the other,—and no one art is complete without the aid and assistance of the others. Only in this way can we have artists, which is only another way of saying good teachers, designers, and artisans.

All of this underlaid our consciousness back in that dim haze. We might argue most strenuously whether one should use the stump or charcoal point in drawing from life, but we all knew that the one thing to attain was the character—the truth. And we were also conscious that that was accomplished only by unwavering and patient devotion. Don't think that we were superhuman. Oh, no! When we recreated we did so as strenuously as when we labored. It seems now very beautiful, as it was so normal. All of us were in love with one thing, and we knew it, and if there were times when some needed help, it was given with a full, free, generous heart for the sake of the cause. Friendships were formed whose influences show in many a work, and ideals entertained whose subtleties have been translated by brush and chisel.

Is not this the real, the true art atmosphere? One might say that the qualities which compose the opalescent haze are only generated by the great love and unselfish devotion to a high ideal.

Ernest L. Major.

One of the worst of chronic human evils is working for daily bread without any interest in the work, and with ill-will towards the institution or person that provides the work.—From "The Religion of the Future," by Charles W. Eliot.

I am convinced that to maintain one's self in this world is not a hardship, but a pleasure, if one but live wisely and well.—Henry D. Thoreau.

“An Art Educational Asset”

Within a year certain progressive men and women have sounded for Boston a new tocsin, and “1915” has vibrated with no uncertain sound from the Hub, out and beyond the rim of this commonwealth. Many have looked on it as sounding a new and greater era in the progress of city and state. To some extent this must be so, but the great significant factor in it is chronological. It concentrates the energies, relates systems, computes forces, inter-relates circumstances and purposes,—spiritual, educational, industrial, and commercial; it engenders a broader understanding through co-operation and concentration of effort, interest, and anticipation toward a common goal, at a stated time and for specific ends. It is “Boston by appointment, 1915.”

No new structure can be successfully reared unless it has a foundation broad and firm enough to support it, so with new enterprises suddenly conceived. Boston—Massachusetts—has her conservatism, half of it a conservatism of provincialism, perhaps, but it is not too much to claim that the other half is a conservatism of wisdom, and it seems as if our Dame was about to raise her spectacles to her brow, put down her evening paper, and look off toward the horizon.

However, it must be borne in mind that it will be those same sound, progressive methods and policies for which state and city have always stood upon which this new structure must build,—the development of present assets no less than the acquisition of new ones. Of these present assets, her educational system and its incorporate parts should be among the first considerations, for thereupon depends to a great extent the success of any well-planned, progressive movement.

Perhaps in no other state are the people and interests more

closely identified with their capital city than in Massachusetts. In Boston the people of the city and commonwealth possess one of their most valuable assets—the Massachusetts Normal Art School, an institution unique and invaluable in its character, where any qualified resident of the state may obtain a thorough education in industrial drawing, art, and many of the crafts, free.

Massachusetts supplies but a few raw materials, and her industrial efficiency depends upon the skill of her citizens in the production of the finer products of industry, involving experts as superintendents, and on the workman's part, not only ability and skill in grasping and interpreting the ideas of the designer, but in many cases the actual designing of the thing made.

There is not a patent made and registered, a decorative wall paper manufactured, or rug woven, not a bridge constructed, a building built, or a steamship launched, a city laid out, or park system developed which does not involve primarily *design*, hence a *designer*, and secondarily the *drawing* from which the object may be created. A single error in the drawing, which serves as the workman's guide, may ruin the product and cause great loss of money and time, while the good design of any production is not only educational to all who see it, but in many instances actually increases the commercial value of the goods. Hence design precedes manufacture, and ability to draw precedes design. Design is the primary economic factor in the skilled industries, proved by the history of successful high-grade industries in England, France, and Germany.

We are now on the flood tide of a great movement for industrial education, and one of the most important factors to the success of any system of public instruction for Massachusetts. Radical reforms may be necessary, but a clear understanding and appreciation of present conditions and resources, and how to utilize them, is still more desirable.

As far back as 1870 these conditions were understood and anticipated by a few far-seeing men, and in 1873 the Massachusetts Normal Art School, the pioneer in industrial education in the United States, opened its doors. In the words of ex-President Charles W. Eliot: "Massachusetts has first recognized the need of art education and first maintained a normal art school on state resources; but this school has never been adequately supported." Since then, notwithstanding limited equipment and inadequate appropriation from the state, it has steadily grown and thriven, constantly raising its high grade of efficiency, and sending its graduates to all quarters of the United States. It has furnished principals for such institutions as the Maryland Institute of Baltimore, Cleveland School of Art, Newcomb College, New Orleans, Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, for the art departments of Cornell University, of the Throop Polytechnic Institute of Pasadena, and for the Pratt Institute, etc. It has supplied heads of departments, professors, teachers, and supervisors of drawing, respectively, for colleges and universities in almost every state in the union and in almost every city and town in Massachusetts. It has trained architectural and mechanical draftsmen, interior decorators, furniture designers, makers of stained glass, textiles and house furnishings, designers of machinery, ship draftsmen, sculptors, painters, illustrators, and book designers. Now the school is also training students in the art of lithography and drawing for chemical engraving. Many of its graduates have left their names indelibly engraven as masters of their art here and abroad, and two of its alumni were appointed members of the National Art Commission.

With nearly forty years of experience, it affords a natural basis for a larger and more potent institution, to be more closely allied with all the principal industries of the state. The

school, with a present crowded student body of nearly 400, and alumni of nearly 2,000, has brought not only rich results, but its alumni, true to the traditions of the school, and of the state which founded it, are now voicing the sentiment and call for larger and greater facilities for the training of experts along the line of industrial art education, through increased facilities made possible only through the state itself.

The needs are a modern building, well situated, with ground enough for future expansion, and equipped with additional studios, shops, and apparatus, fitted to teach art in relation to the principal industries of Massachusetts, such as stone and wood carving, wrought and hammered work connected with the building industry, furniture making, printing, millinery, jewelry, ceramics, household utensils and decorations, and high-grade small wares of all sorts. Its alumni, constituting a body of trained workers, and for whom permanent headquarters have recently been established in Boston, could be depended upon to co-operate with the state.

Massachusetts cannot afford to do anything less than its best in making provision for an institution so essential to its industrial success. Adequately supported, it should become the Massachusetts College of Industrial Education and Art, redounding to the honor and credit of our city and our commonwealth.

Charles W. Furlong.

The modern man would hardly feel any appreciable loss of motive power toward good or away from evil if heaven were burnt and hell quenched.—Charles W. Eliot.



In December George L. Noyes had a good, strong exhibition at the Copley Gallery. It was composed, except for one canvas, of landscapes, all carefully studied and drawn. A spectator who looked at "The Road to My Farm" realized that the time of painting was the early morning, when the air is clear, and beginning to be sun-warmed, and there was a feeling of vibration in the bushes of the foreground. "Gray Morning" had a pleasant misty effect, and a charm strengthened by good composition, and in "Sunset Hill" was a fine succession of recessive values, with a feeling for the freedom of atmosphere on the hills. "Cummington Valley" was filled with the hush before the thunder storm, and the leveling in the values of the overcast landscape. In "Autumn Mist," the bright fall foliage was dimmed by the gathering dampness. Mr. Noyes certainly can make us feel the weather in all of his pictures. "They say" that he paints around Ossipee, and his pictures do seem to render the characteristics of that beautiful country. "Valley of Ashuelot" had vivid shadows, well-studied perspective, and here again altitude and treatment combined to give the open-air sensation. The foreground foliage seemed a little "hard," especially since its tendency was to draw the eye away from the

vista across the hills. "The Gray Pool" and "The Veil of Mist" were both well made, and "An Upland Pasture" impelled a person to own one. The trees are real trees, with sun and breeze playing through them. Mr. Noyes exhibited one still life, which possessed a remarkably atmospheric, "living" shadow. At the same time as Mr. Noyes' show, and in the outer room of the gallery, Margaret Richardson had an exhibition of seven portraits. The wonderful elderly lady in black was there, and another, who would not be offended if she was called old instead of elderly. She wore a black dress, with a dull green shawl about her shoulders; the background was a neutral dark, with a Rembrandt print indicated in one corner. Maybe the old lady wouldn't be spoken of as stunning in everyday life, but she was stunning as Miss Richardson painted her. "The Lady in Red" was carefully studied, and each part was successful, but the picture was more a mosaic than a unified composition, with one centre of interest. The portrait of the elderly man was simple and very effective, and the girl in the square canvas, looking at "Carmencita," was the result of applied understanding. After Mr. Noyes' exhibit there was one by Joseph Lindon Smith at the Copley. Mr. Smith's work is wonderful in its absolute accuracy and patience with details, which he so manages that they do not interfere with the big effect. In "Ramose and His Wife," it was hard to realize that the representation was canvas, and not plaster. Mr. Smith painted the scenes for "Medea," lately given in Boston by the Vassar Club.

Last month Doll and Richards hung forty pictures, the originals of illustrations to a new edition of Shakespeare. They were executed by a number of English artists, and were very good, with a few exceptions, some excellent, some extremely poor. Mr. Brangwyn had three pictures, the most purely decorative of all, since his designs are always of the sort

that "carry." While the work of many others was successful near to, they did not, for the most part, favor that broad method of painting which has led Mr. Brangwyn on to victory. His pictures were illustrations for "Othello," for one of the sonnets, and for one of the poems. The only other illustrators represented that are well known in this country were Bernard Partridge and W. I. Hatherell. "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," by C. Wilhelm, was delicately treated and well designed. W. H. Margetson's "Merry Wives of Windsor" had a warm color scheme and careful execution. Two other pictures by him were there, one of which, representing the scene between Arthur and Hubert in the tower, from "King John," was dramatic through its very simplicity. This attribute was lacking in a good many of the pictures, possibly because the originals were so small that they were "finished" to a high degree, instead of letting the reducing process affect the finishing. In his illustration for "Measure for Measure," Melton Fisher achieved simplicity both of design and execution. It was one of the most successful. The scene in the tent, from "Richard III.," was also well done by Fred Roe; and his other picture, from "Henry IV.," had a fine color scheme—a warm foreground, with a background of dark trees against a cold, gray sky. We all have heard of Frank Dicksee a good deal, but while his picture (the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet") was carefully studied for drawing and stage-setting, it seemed too full of little details to make a pleasing whole, in composition or color. The design by Solomon J. Solomon, for "King Lear," was big and filled the space well. Gertrude Demain Hammond had a well-interpreted water-color for "The Tempest."

There is no doubt that the Vose Gallery had an exhibition in December! Fifty of William Chase's paintings, and only

last month we were noticing how seldom he exhibited in Boston! Some of his best-known canvases were there, such as the portrait of his mother and of Whistler. The show was about half portraits and half still life, except for a few landscapes. Six small landscapes, recently finished, were hung in one corner of the gallery. Some of them were painted in Florence, but some were surely enough New England coast meadows. "The Flying Clouds" were well named, and the land beneath enhanced their effect by its weighted flatness. There were still-lives such as that at the Art Museum—"Ray and Cod," and "Fish and Green Bowl." "The Book Worm" was painted in Munich, when Mr. Chase was twenty-three years old, and is done in his characteristic technique. "The Spanish Hat" was a composition containing one bright spot of color and the painting of a photograph under waxed tissue paper. You can feel the texture of that paper. There are a great many portraits, among them a strongly-composed picture of the late L. F. Roos, and one of Alfred Stieglitz, the pioneer in color photography. "When One Is Young" was done in low tones on coarse canvas, and was very effective. "His First Portrait" had a Japanese subject, and a Japanese and "Whistlery" treatment. Owing to the poor lighting, it was almost impossible to see some of the pictures.

On Monday, January 10, Frank Benson's show opens at the St. Botolph Club, 2 Newbury street. Who shall dare fail to attend!

There is an exhibit of American paintings at the Philadelphia Art Club at present. Mr. De Camp contributed "The Pink Feather" and "La Penserosa"; Mr. Tarbell, "Girl Cutting Patterns" (shown at the Copley a year ago) and "Rehearsal in the Studio"; Mr. Paxton, "The New Hat" and "Little Lady in

Pink." This last picture has been sold. Both of Mr. Paxton's canvases were on exhibition here in Boston last year.

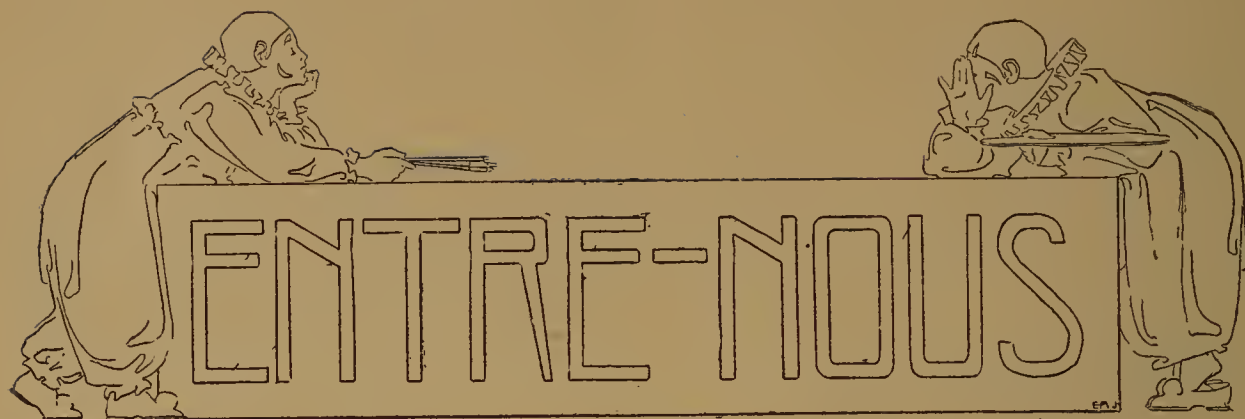
The International Studio for January has a queer article by J. Nilson Laurvik, on Leon Dabo. It is queer because the author seems to carry a chip on his shoulder throughout the narrative, and makes a few bitter and unnecessary remarks. "To give the character of nature, not the feature, by means of familiar symbols of trees and rocks, of land and sea, of azure vaulting skies and star-bejeweled firmament; to render up the intimate and evasive spirit of things; to make visible the secret laws by means of line and color—that would seem to be the function of the landscape painter." That doesn't sound much like the voice of our counselors, does it? We have been taught that the highest function of any sort of painter is the rendering of nature as absolutely as lies in his power. Mr. Laurvik also says that "the dull, deadening routine of academic life was unsuited to his (Dabo's) temperament," and he left the New York schools for "the more invigorating life of Paris." He does admit, though, that there is some academic routine in the Paris schools. In the same magazine is a paper by Walter Bayes on the landscape paintings of James Aumonier, R. I. . . . "Some American Figure Painters," by L. Mechlin, is a very interesting account of our leading men, and a discussion as to whether or no we have an art that can be called peculiarly national. Mr. Mechlin writes about Abbott Thayer and George de Forest Brush, both pupils of Gérôme, of Winslow Homer, who had scarcely any instruction, and was an illustrator during the early sixties, of William Dewing, Tarbell, Benson, Reid, Weir, De Camp, Kendall, Chase, Cecilia Beaux, and several others. The illustrations include "Lady in Black," Chase; "The Family," Brush; "Walt Whitman," Alexander; "Girl Crocheting," Tarbell; "Guitar Player," De Camp; "Portrait of

a Lady" and "Portrait of My Daughter," Benson; "The Yellow Flower," Reid. This last picture was hung at the exhibition of the Ten Americans last April.

The painter in this month's "Masters in Art" is Sir John Millais. In spite of the wide differences in their work, can you always keep these men's names straight—Jean Francois Millet, the Frenchman, John Millais, the Englishman, and Frank Millet, the American?

In Harper's there is a paper by Charles Caffin on "The Art of Lucien Simon." The sepia reproductions of his pictures are very interesting, especially "Religious Ceremony at Assisi" and "Evening Chat." Mr. Caffin speaks of the different attitudes of public and painter towards a picture, and he says that M. Simon's work appeals to both classes. The artist is only thirty-nine years old, but is already successful. He studied at the Academy Julian. "His vision is essentially artistic, and this, after all, is the chief source of the impression that his pictures produce. By no means every painter has an artistic vision; indeed, the latter is the exception. An artistic vision implies a capacity not shared by laymen, one that is characteristically an artist's. It involves a re-construction of the facts of sight, a recreation of the impression they convey—the elimination of some, an emphasizing of others; at once a simplification and enlargement of effect. Then, the result is one which stirs in the sense-imagination a new impression, altogether more vivid than the original one of sight. This is what Simon's artistic vision accomplishes. . . ."

Katharine M. Sawin.



I have been reading a most extraordinary number of delightful books this month, and in consequence have managed to keep moderately good-tempered, sometimes a difficult task. When things get simply too infernal, I seriously advise you to fly on the wings of the wind for solitude and a book. It is infinitely more interesting than counting twenty—a stupid device—and the benefits are enormous. Or else keep a small volume in your pocket, and when Mr. Major or some one of the other powers that be gives you a criticism that drives your soul to the very depths of despair, instead of sitting dismally in the corner for half an hour, rising only to wreak your vengeance on your already tortured canvas, lug out your little book and read a line or two. There is a certain inoffensive impudence and eccentricity about such a proceeding that must appeal to your unconventional souls. If the book is the incomparable “Alice,” which I strongly recommend, how can you fail to be cheered by:—

“ ‘What matters it how far we go?’ his scaly friend replied,
‘There is another shore, you know, upon the other side ;
The farther off from England, the nearer is to France,
So turn not pale, beloved snail,’ ” etc.

A subtle significance in this, too, that seems to apply every-

where. And then there are the Kenneth Grahame books. They will never, never fail you. There is a sunniness, a simplicity, an optimism about them that is adorable and irresistible. Or read about

“The dinky-bird a-singing
In the Amfalulu tree,”

that Eugene Field tells about, or, if your soul does not respond to nonsense, however sublime, try Alfred East, who is most noble and inspiring, and says things that bestir us to make good resolutions, or van Dyke, or Thoreau, or even, ye youthful grown-ups, Maurice Maeterlinck, who can tell you the most soul-satisfying things imaginable. Oh, there’s heaps to read. It’s a glorious thing to think of the vast quantities, and I’m quite sure we can’t paint unless we know some of them, at least. For, in spite of all we are told of the wonders that patience and practice will do for us, I have a sneaking, romantic fondness for the idea that somehow our mentality is bound to be worked into everything we do, and it’s senseless to neglect books, even if we have to sit up late and get up early for the luxury. It’s worth working for.

I failed to observe any cataclysm of nature following our exhibition of summer work. No convulsion of society, no upheaval in Boston art circles, and finally barely a ripple of excitement in school, which last might have been expected. Every one of us surely saw the exhibition of the Art Museum students, and yet about one-third of this school attended its own maiden attempt. Of course it was small—awfully, pitifully, disgracefully small. But think of the things there were in it! Its tone was irreproachable, and in its way it could have taught the Art Museum students a thing or two if they hadn’t

been too proud entirely, and if we for obvious reasons had not failed to invite them. But next year we are going to have another. Hear ye! Hear ye! This is an official announcement. It's going to be big, and noble, and imposing, and last a week! It's going to have a whole room to itself, and the city is coming in bunches to see it! It's going to be an everlasting credit to us and Everybody Is Going To Have Something In IT!!!

"When women get their rights they will lose their privileges!" Thus said the Lamp-post importantly and with an expression as of one really saying something. I looked at him suspiciously.

"You heard somebody else say that," I accused sternly, "and you don't even know what it means, either. You're putting up one grand big bluff just to put off your inevitable surrender as long as possible. Think shame to yourself! Do you suppose we're going to be put off like babies, with a few paltry privileges,—yes, they are paltry, too,—because men are too small to give us what they admit we deserve? Privileges, indeed! I suppose you mean having our handkerchiefs picked up for us, and seats in the trolley car. Pish! I always could pick up my own handkerchief quicker than any man I know, and as for the seat in the trolley car, I get one about once a year, so I shan't miss that much. However, if you mean the really, truly, much-to-be-desired privileges, we aren't in the least afraid of losing those, for the very simple and obvious reason that every man has at least one mother apiece, and generally a sister or two, and will inevitably go on choosing for himself a wife till the end of time, and you know he'll never think any the less of them for having these much-talked-of

‘rights.’ Of course he may scoff more at women as a class, but the things he says about them now are bad enough.”

“My child,” interrupted the Lamp-post coldly, “don’t get so excited. It’s impossible for you to have an opinion on such a subject. You’re too young.”

I have had an “Adventure in Contentment,” one that David Grayson himself would have envied, and surely it was worthy of his delightful pen. The preliminaries are unimportant. The adventure begins with being tucked comfortably into a tiny sleigh by an adorable, pink-cheeked, shiny-eyed young person, who chirruped, and chattered, and bubbled incessant welcomes all the time she tucked, and then whirled the nice, furry, old horse out on to the quiet, lonely country road between the wide, white fields in a jiffy, and off we sped. The air was cold, and stung my cheeks to a delightful tingling. The bells on the sleigh jingled, and the young person chattered, and pointed with her whip. “All this is our farm, see? From that fence clear over to the river and across to that hill with the pines.” I was properly amazed, but it really made no difference whose farm it was. The fields lay dim, and soft, and violet, and shadowy in the dusk. The pines stood black and mysterious against the opal sky. Everything seemed to be one soft, exulting whisper, that sang over and over again: “One week! One whole week!” And I knew that the whole world was mine for seven days, even ’way beyond and across the river, and up and over the hill, and I exulted back in a glad shout that startled the pink-cheeked child, who, I’m quite sure, thought I was mad. Nevertheless, she trusted me with the reins while she hopped out and explored a green-painted mail box beside the road, and then we whirled through two nobly imposing stone posts up a nice, long road packed high with

drifts on either side, to where an orange light winked and twinkled and smiled at us from a window.

We had arrived at exactly the proper time to help put the babies to bed, which was the crowning lark of the day. The two-year-old had just invented for his own delectation a wondrous beast, which he dubbed a "bucket," for some unimaginable reason. We dragged a description of the monster from him by inches. "Hasn't got any face at all," he told us ominously, "and his legs are like mother's, and his arms are like bread and butter, and he doesn't wear any jumpers!" This amazing creature pursued us all the way to the crib, causing the small, paddling, white figure to cling desperately about my neck till I was nearly strangled. And the things that child took to bed with him were ridiculous. A pair of blue slippers, a bright red leather whip, two picture books, a Teddy bear which was losing its "inards," and a small, square, wooden block with A on one side and a smiling pussy cat on the other, which article must have been a most uncommonly uncomfortable bed-fellow.

"I want a farm! I want a farm!" I wrote home to an unresponsive family. There is nothing in the world so much fun as feeding cows, and pigs, and horses, and chickens, but as for milking, I found it to be an art in which I was wholly unenlightened, but which I am certain I could have mastered if the cow hadn't been so cross. A more disagreeable cow I never expect to meet. We made a snow man, we tramped through drifts knee high, we purloined the children's sleds and slid! Oh, yes! my skirts are to my heels, and my hair bobbed up with foolish hairpins, but, "all the dross of the young lady purged out" of me, flat I went on my "tummy." Belly-busters, they're called, I remember, and I'd quite completely forgotten how exhilarating they are. Occasionally I would pause in my mad spree to look out soberly on the glorious, sparkling world,

and sternly ask myself to remember that I really was grown up and ought to paint. But it didn't last long. Positively, even painting is a bore when you can sculp't a snow man in the open, or artfully plant a large, fat snowball in the red leather wrinkles at the back of the neck of the hired man, or poke hay down through an especially-provided square hole on the ears of the astonished horse, who didn't understand being fed between meals, or doing any one of the perfectly wonderful things that you can do in the country. If I hadn't hoped we were going to "have life" after vacation, I should never have come back at all.

Frances Downes.

At the End of the Year

The old year falters to an end to-night;
And thou, deep-gazing in Time's mirror clear,
Seeing the portrait of thy life that was last year,
May start anew to paint the future bright.
What matter if in anguish you should cite
That other picture crude—perhaps bewail
Perspective warped, and composition frail?
'Twas effort—effort never yet was wasted quite.

It might have wanted strength by just a tone,
The shadows may have seemed somewhat too deep;
Certain colors been too garish, or you failed to keep
The sense of values that in truth is sown.
What then? With texture undefiled and all your own,
A shining canvas on Life's easel stands,
Whereon a masterpiece wrought by your hands
Perchance may greet you when this year is flown.

Morley D. Cameron.

December 30, 1909.

Compliance

The God would not be pleased should you be soothed.—
Emerson.

You the race has left behind,
You that taste ill fortune's stings,
In defeat your triumph find—
'Tis of you my poet sings!
You that grasped but could not bind,
And whose promissory springs
Grew but harvests for the wind;
You whose loves took errant wings,
And whose faiths the years have seized,
Slain by treacheries dragon toothed—
Yet the God would not be pleased
Should you be soothed!

It was thus, that you might find
The deep heart of human things;
Otherwise had you been blind,
Missed the ruth that sharing brings.
Welcome fates howe'er unkind,
Take your stripes, your chastenings,
With an uplift, cloudless mind—
'Tis of you my poet sings!
'Twas not meant your pain be eased,
'Twas not meant your road be smoothed;
For the God would not be pleased
Should you be soothed.

—Edith M. Thomas, in the New York Sun.

Lectures by Mr. Munsell

A course of lectures on "Color" will be given before the departments of fine arts, household arts, and physics at the Teachers' College, New York city, on the afternoons of January 13, 17, and 20, by A. H. Munsell, of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. The course includes a study of the color sense and its measures of balance, methods for memorizing and recording color, and the use of measured colors in educational, imitative, and decorative schemes.

Until his death a few years ago, Professor Rood, the author of "Modern Chromatics," took great interest in these measures, and such lectures might rather be called demonstrations, since measuring instruments will be used to establish the scales of color-light and color-strength, while beautiful results will be shown from the design classes under the director, Arthur Dow.

The View Point

"See," said my friend, leaning somewhat on my shoulder, "how this strange thing, this love of ours, lives and shines out in the unlikeliest of places! You have been in the fields early in the morning? Barren acres, all! But only stoop and catch the light thwartwise—and all is a silver network of gossamer! So the fairy filaments of this strange thing underruns and links together the whole world. Yet it is not the old imperious god of the fatal bow . . . but something still unnamed, perhaps more mysterious, more divine! Only one must stoop to see it, old fellow, one must stoop."

—From "The Golden Age," by Kenneth Grahame.

The Conundrum of the Workshops

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and
gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree, and scratched with a stick
in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his
mighty heart,
'Til the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is
it Art?"

* * *

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a
surplice peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an
addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn
by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever, but is
it Art?"

* * *

Now, if we could come to the Eden Tree where the Four Great
Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry
through,
By the Saviour of God we might know as much as our father
Adam knew.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Editorials

If the Lord had ever meant for us to reach that seventh heaven of perfection, He would never have hampered us with bellies.

The sweet little woman slid along on the bench, so that the young man might sit down beside her. He had frightened the bluebirds away, but she didn't mind; they would come back, and he was always boyishly interesting. Just now he seemed fairly bubbling over with something important. She wondered what it was. Yesterday they had talked about books.

One of the bluebirds came back, with a bit of straw trailing from its beak. It disappeared in the knothole under the lowest limb of the apple tree. The other came, and together they inspected the hole, all a-flutter with delight and expectation.

"Great things are happening," said the young man.

The eyes of the sweet little woman lingered thoughtfully on the birds.

"Yes," she agreed heartily.

The young man followed her gaze impatiently.

"You know I don't mean them. They are very beautiful and interesting, ordinarily, but this is different. You are a woman. Don't you feel it—throb with it—this movement that is going on, that is going to free woman and let her come into her proper sphere at last? Why, it's wonderful! It makes me almost wish that I, too, were a woman, so that I might help

them more. They have been downtrodden long enough. We are getting more and more away from the aborigine state. They are not meant for mere drudges, they are man's equal, and should go forward hand in hand with him, not behind him, and—oh! please don't laugh at me."

"I am not laughing at you," the sweet little woman assured him gently. "Please go on."

"Well—don't you see?—it's going to change things. There is much to be done. It has only been half done before—now it will be all done, and done well, in a newer and better way. We are entering upon a new era. Woman suffrage is coming as surely as are airships, and like the airship it will bear us up into a new atmosphere—a cleaner, purer, saner atmosphere."

The young man stopped rather awkwardly and looked into her face with disappointment. He had thought that she would understand. The sweet little woman sighed contentedly.

"Yes, I know," she began, "I used to think that way, too, when I was younger. I had dreams, radiant, flashing dreams, dreams of showing men—and women, too, I am afraid—that I could accomplish something, alone, unaided. Dreams of fame—of struggling to the top, to the pinnacle, with a torch, as it were, to light the way for the others. Ah! how I used to dream! Dreams of power——"

"Ah! Yes—power," broke in the young man eagerly. "Why shouldn't they have as much power——"

"Power?" echoed the sweet little woman thoughtfully, "power? You spoke of the aborigine. Back there in the dim ages, when the skin-clad man fought the wolf before the cave opening, what was it drove the club against the bared fangs—the lust of battle, or the thought of the mate and child huddled in the far corner of the rocks? When he met his rival on the hillside, what made his fingers clutch so eagerly at the other's

throat as they swayed toward the edge? A maiden was watching from beneath the trees. Power? When the bull moose hears a challenging trumpet call from the point that sticks out into the lake, what sends him crashing through the underbrush down the hillside? The trembling cow in the thicket.

“Power? Which is the more responsible for the sweetness of the tune, the fingers that strike the keys or the hammers that hit the wires? *And those same fingers, in attempting to delve into the mysteries of the mechanism, might play havoc with the instrument.*”

“But,” cried the young man in dismay, “you said you had dreams—of power—and the heights—the pinnacle! What changed you?”

The sweet little woman smiled—a smile with no bitterness in it, a mellow, contented smile, that hinted only of certain sacred things. She watched the bluebirds with an exquisite sense of comradeship and understanding.

“I got up there,” she answered simply.

“And you found it——”

“Lonely. Oh! so very lonely. People enough—but barrenness everywhere, an aching barrenness. Fame, too, but something lacking that was apart from fame.”

The young man was silent. He stared at the bluebirds moodily. Then he leaned over and touched the sweet little woman on the arm.

“But the struggle,” he asked earnestly, “wasn’t that worth while?”

The sweet little woman smiled again.

“Yes, that was good,” she admitted, “but wouldn’t it have been so with another goal?”

It began to rain gently, and as they went back to the house

the liquid piping of the bluebirds followed them irresistibly through the April downpour.

The Senior class wishes to thank heartily all those concerned in the success of the Freshman reception.

Unveil a mystery and you enshroud it.

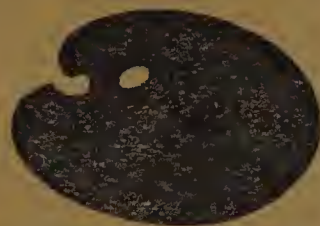
My Boon

This I ask—and nothing more. Let me not lack for a goal to gain, so that I may have work a-plenty for to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; and let me not gain it too quickly, lest the height of it make me dizzy—and I fall.

Some folks are useful, others are merely ornamental. It is better to be a pair of suspenders than a necktie.

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